

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Pol. Giue first admittance to th'embassadors,
My newes shall be the frute to that great feast,

King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my decree: *Gertrud* he hath found
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.

Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine,
His fathers death, and our hasty marriage,

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall fitt him, welcome my good friends,
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

Volte. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;

Vpon our first, he sent out to suppress
His Nephews leuies, which to him appeard

To be a preparation gainst the *Pollacke*,

But better lookt into, he truly found

It was against your highnesse, whereat greu'd

That so his sicknesse, age, and impotence

Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests

On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in breefe obeyes,

Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,

Makes vow before his Vncle, neuer more

To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiesty:

Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with ioy,

Giues him threescore thousand crownes in anuall fee,

And his commission to imploy those souldiers,

So leuied (as before) against the *Pollacke*,

With an entreaty herein further shone,

That it might please you to giue quiet passe

Through your dominions for this enterprise

On such regards of safety and allowance

As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well,

And at our more considered time, wee'le read,

Answer, and thinke vpon this busines:

Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,

Goe to your rest, at night wee'le feast together,

Most welcome home,

Exeunt Embassadors.

Pol. This busines is well ended,

Prince of Denmarke.

My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate

What maiesty should be, what duety is,

Why day is day, night night, and time is time,

Were nothing but to wast night, day, and time,

Therefore breuity is the soule of wit,

And tediousnes the limmes and outward florishes:

I will be breefe your noble sonne is mad:

Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,

What ist but to be nothing else but mad?

But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with lesse art.

Pol. Maddam, I sweare I vse no art at all,

That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pittie,

And pittie tis, tis true, a foolish figure,

But farewell it, for I will vse no art,

Mad let vs grant him then, and now remains

That wee find out the cause of this effect,

Or rather say the cause of this defect

For this effect defectiue comes by cause:

Thus it remains and the remainder thus

Perpend,

I haue a daughter, haue while she is mine,

Who in her duety and obedience, marke,

Hath giuen me this, now gather and surmise,

To the *Celestiall* and my soles Idol, the most bea-

utiful Ophelia, that's an ill phrase, a vile phrase,

beautified is a vile phrase, but you shall heare: thus

in her excellent white bosome, these &c.

Quee. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good Maddam stay awhile, I will be faithfull,

Don't thou the flarres are fire, Letter.

Doubt that the Sunne doth moone,

Doubt truth to be a lyer,

But neuer doubt I loue.

O decre *Ophelia*, I am ill at these numbers, I haue not art to rec-

ken my groanes, but that I loue thee best, Oh most best be-

leeue it! adew. Thine euermore most deare Lady, whilst this

machine is to him.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter shown me, (*Hamlet.*

And more about hath his sollicitings